because over in **lilchibibunny**'s latest post I saw **aeon_entwined** use the words 'Sam/Luce' and 'draw' in the same sentence and I have been looking for excuses to write that pairing.

So! Sam/Lucifer, G, drawing-on-people, silliness ficlet written in about two minutes ahoy!

(Sam/Lucifer, G, silly)

Sam woke up to the sensation of something...wet and ticklish on his back, and the odd sensation of sleeping face down. He lifted his nose from his pillow and squinted at the pillow, trying to figure out *what* was on his back, but then there was a hand on the back of his head.

"Hold still," Lucifer said from somewhere above him. "I'm almost done."

Now, approximately two weeks ago if Sam had woken up to the Devil telling him to hold still while there was wet stuff on his back, he would be halfway across the room by now.

Fortunately for the both of them, they had something of an understanding going on, and Sam knew that tone of voice: if he didn't hold still, there would be cold couches in his near future instead of warm beds.

"What're you doing?" Sam asked, after a moment of holding still.

There was a firm *push* on his left shoulder blade, and then the sound of something being capped, and then there was a sharpie pen landing in front of his nose.

"You may view it in the bathroom," Lucifer said, and then Sam heard the distinct sound of a camera going off. "Thank you."

With a rustle of wings and cool air Sam heard Lucifer leave.

It wasn't very long before he made it to the bathroom, and was twisting to see what Lucifer had been drawing on him in black sharpie pen.

"The hell..." Sam muttered, looking at his back. "Wings? Seriously?"

For indeed: Lucifer had drawn large stylized wings on his back, complete with details on the feathers.